

P A N E G Y R I C

O N A

C O U R T.

By the Author of the World Unmask'd. A Satire.

- - - - - tunc observantior æqui
 Fit populus, nec ferre negat, cum viderit ipsum
 Auctorem parere sibi: Componitur Orbis
 Regis ad exemplum, nec sic inflectere sensus
 Humanos Edicta valent, quam vita regentis,
 Mobile mutatur semper cum principe vulgus.

CLAUDIÂN.



L O N D O N:

Printed by and for J. MECHELL at the King's Arms, Fleet-street.

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P A N E G Y R I C

O N A

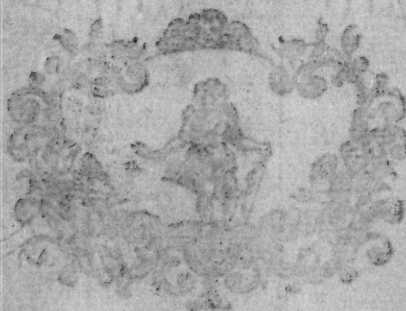
C O U R T.

By the Author of the World Unmask'd. A Satire.

Mobile mutator, proper est principis regni.
Humanae Ethicae regent.
Regis ad exemplum, necesse est
Auctoritatem parare sibi: Cuius Ordo
Est popularis, nec forte regem, cum videret ipsum
Iam obliuiscitur, etiam



CLAUDE



L O N D O N

Printed by and for J. MACHESON at the King's Arms in St. Dun's Church Lane.

M D C C L X X



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The L



PANEGYRIC

ON A

COURT.



SINCE none but Flatterers to ——— resort,

And Truth is reckon'd Satire on a Court;

Affist me all ye Muses that inspire

The LAUREAT when he strikes the sounding Lyre,

B

To

To sing the Glories of the B-----c Line,
And offer Incense at a G-----n Shrine!

Gay Fiction, Daughter of immortal Jove,
Descend in airy Colours from above!
With all the flowing Ornaments of Verse.
In which great Poets Godlike Deeds rehearse.
How shall the Muse the various Virtues trace
That cast a Lustre on a Royal Race,
Which will the greatest Theme for Praise afford,
A Sylla's Counsel, or Almanzor's Sword!

Ye florid Wits that hover round a Court,
And sooth exalted Vice for a Support,
Teach me the fashionable Art of Stile,
That on my feeble Lays the ---- may smile!
Then shall the Muse aspiring sing of Gods,
And rival Cibber in his Birth-day Odes.

Cæsar,

Cæsar, — at whose kind Birth the Planets shone

With Rays auspicious on the *British* Throne,

Who pays to Virtue such a just Regard,

And knows, with Judgment, Merit to Reward;

Who made e'en *Stephen's* a conspicuous Name,

And rais'd Him from Obscurity to Fame,

Shall dart a Gleam of Favour on my Rhimes,

And consecrate my Verse to future Times.

No more let *Satire*, with her pointed Rage,

Lash the bold Vices of the present Age;

Nor try to fix a Brand upon the Great,

Who think Adultery becomes their State!

But in soft Numbers let the Muses sing

The glaring Virtues of ————

Who scorns, as other F——n P——s might,

To claim a long Hereditary Right,

Unenvy'd Merit plac'd Him on a Throne,

For all his great Exploits too mean a Crown.

Fell

Fell *Discord* rises with infernal Brand,
 And spreads Destruction o'er each foreign Land;
Slaughter and *Desolation* stalk before,
 And bathe all *Europe* in their purple Gore,
 While ——— has the peculiar Art to reign
 In Peace, the Dread of *France* and Scourge of *Spain*;
 Whose scatter'd Vessels from our Navy fly
 More swift than Meteors darting thro' the Sky;
 Each Merchant Ship secure from Plunder fails,
 And the Winds court them with auspicious Gales;
 To distant Climes our M——h's Name is known,
 Who makes the Product of the World his own.
 No more let *Agincourt* and *Cressy's* Field,
 (Which did in former Times such Laurels yield)
 Boast the rude Conquest of War's rugged Toil;
 Which with the Blood of Thousands stain'd the Soil;
 Since we can vanquish each insulting Foe,
 And not one *Veteran* receive a Blow.

But

But *Britons* panting after false Renown
 Delight in Heroes that adorn a Crown,
 Whose glowing Bosoms fond Ambition fires
 To snatch the Laurel from their warlike Sires,
 Thro' purple Streams of Blood to win the Field,
 And shine in Triumphs which their Conquests yield.

Have you forgotten *Oudenarda's* Fight;
 When Clouds of Smoke obscur'd the feeble Sight?
 When the loud Thunder of the Cannon roar'd,
 And on their hostile Squadrons Vengeance pour'd;
 How brave *Almanzor* like a Lion fought,
 And Glory, thro' the Paths of Danger, fought!
 'Till rushing forward with impetuous Force,
 (Unluckly Chance) a Bullet kill'd his Horse,
 What Fury sparkled in the Hero's Eyes,
 Eager as *Jason* for the golden Prize!
 Without the Help of magic Charms he stood
 In War's dread Front, too lavish of his Blood;

'Till weary Slaughter left the purple Plain,
And he remain'd alone to count the Slain.

The savage Art of War *Barbarians* know,
And can with equal Skill repel the Foe,
But when fair *Peace*, with all her smiling Train,
Returns to bless her darling Hero's Reign,
Then with a skillful Hand the Ship to guide
Thro' *Party* Storms, and *Faction's* winding Tide,
To save, without Reward, a stubborn Land
From Dangers, which they will not understand,
To govern *Britons*, yet preserve their Love,
Requires the Conduct of a *G*____ or *Jove*.
'Tis *England's* Glory that her _____ sustains
An Empire's weighty Care with little Pains.

When mad *Ambition* sounds her wild Alarms,
And raises distant Nations up in Arms,
Immortal *Cæsar* leaves his weeping Land,
To rescue *Virtue* from *Oppression's* Hand,

To hold the Ballance with uplifted Sword,
 And punish Kings who dare to break their Word:
 When he withdraws from us his genial Rays
 Our Glory sickens and our Trade decays,
Britannia's Genius sinks her drooping Head
 As if our Liberty with him were fled:
 But why should *Cæsar's* Praise adorn my Tongue,
 And rob the LAUREAT of his Birth-day Song?

Then Let the Muses try their tuneful Art
 In pleasing Verse to captivate the Heart;
 And in sublimer Strains those Vertues sing
 Which make a *Sylla* Fav'rite of a King!
 But here a Tribe of mercenary Bards,
 (Who write no longer than the Court rewards)
 Cry out, what Madness seizes on your Brain,
 To sing in such a voluntary Strain;
 For 'tis the standing Maxim of our Race,
 That none presume to Write without a Place;

If

If thus unpension'd you will condescend
 By Verse to fix a Minister your Friend,
 To flatter him who makes Mankind his Slave,
 How will the *Gazetteer's* dull Authors rave?
 Who scorn the Breath of popular Applause
 As long as Gold supports their sinking Cause;
 If State Affairs revolve, can change their Themes,
 And write with equal Zeal in Praise of —
 From nobler Motives shall my Numbers flow,
 And *Sylla's* Character impartial show:
 To fix the legal Bounds of Royal Pow'r,
 And make his happy Subjects G—— adore,
 Who fond of Liberty with Glory craves
 To govern Freemen, not a Race of Slaves,
 And with his own Prerogative would Part,
 Or V—— Charms to win the People's Heart.
 These are the Principles that fire his Blood
 To stem Corruption's undermining Flood;
 To make a turbulent unruly Croud,
 In spite of Faction, speak his Praises loud,

With

With Hearts of Gratitude his Toil confess,
 Whose Conduct makes the *Publick Credit* less.
 How hard a Lot to bear three Kingdoms Weight,
 And yet incur His thankless Country's Hate.
 While raging *Party Factions* round him roar,
 He smiles secure in Innocence and Pow'r;
 The conscious Virtue of an honest Heart
 Can more substantial Bliss to him impart
 Than all the Praise a giddy Croud bestows
 On zealous Patriots, His greatest Foes.
 In vain we ransack each historic Page
 To match the Glories of the present Age :
 What Minister in *Albion* ever rose
 That made us more the Scourge of foreign Foes ?
 For trifling Insults offer'd on the Main,
 What ample Tribute we receive from *Spain*
 Whose quick Dispatch declares how much they dread
 Our Naval Thunder bursting o'er their Head.
 Contending Nations plead their injur'd Cause,
 And beg from *Britain* to receive their Laws :

D

From

From *Sylla's* Counsel all these Blessings flow,
 Who blushes to be thought his Country's Foe,
 And thinks an *honest Man's* a greater Name,
 Than boasted Titles or a Blaze of Fame!
 Then view him in the tender Scenes of Life,
 A civil Husband to a modest Wife;
 Who took the blooming Virgin to his Arms,
 And doated on her Merit more than Charms:
 But these are Virtues of a meaner Sort,
 Which can receive no Lustre from a Court,
 Where Grandeur and Magnificence outweighs
 The calm Content of sweet domestic Praise.

Thrice happy *Britain's* Isle! how seldom meet
 The Statesman in the Patriot compleat!
 Where each preserves a Ballance so exact,
 That Honour checks what Interest would act:
 No fordid Lust of Lucre rules his Mind
 Who labours for the Welfare of Mankind:

With

With what a tender Heart and melting Eye
 He hears the Widows Groan, and Orphans Sigh !
 And wishes that his own Revenues were
 Sufficient for the *Service of the Tear* ;
 Then should the Burthen of our Taxes cease,
 And Plenty bless the Land with large Encrease,
 From His rich Source his Master's Wealth arise
 Without a Vote of Credit or Excise.
 To Guard our Liberty, is *Sylla's* Aim,
 From Madmen that usurp a Patriot's Name ;
 Who rail in loud Harangues against the Court
 In Country Towns to make the Rabble Sport,
 Insinuate that *Virtue's* in Disgrace,
 And none without *Corruption* get a Place,
 That *Liberty* now breathes her latest Hour,
 And falls a Sacrifice to *Sylla's* Pow'r.
 But nobler Sentiments inspir'd his Youth,
 Who boldly spoke in the Defence of Truth,
 Who stood the Vengeance of perverted Laws ;
 Who suffer'd Chains in *Freedom's* glorious Cause ;

And

And condescends to pity *Fleury's* State
 Because his Country's Thralldom makes him Great.
 But Statesmens Principles will strangely veer
 In the short Course of one revolving Year,
 The public Spirit of an honest Heart
 Degenerate, to act a Villain's Part,
 The Voice of *Liberty*, in Senates loud,
 Now rails at Patriots, --- a licentious Croud,
 And the free Sentiments which charm'd before
 Can flatter Kings in Arbitrary Pow'r.

Tell me, ye Malecontents, were ever known
 Such wise A_____rs to serve a Crown!
 Whose happy Treaties e'en our Foes commend,
 And deem each *British* M_____r a Friend;
 Whose able Heads, and piercing Eyes explore
 Schemes _____ which were never thought upon before
 And can with equal Readiness explain
 The Guile of *France*, and dark Designs of *Spain*;

Their

Their honour'd Names as much at home rever'd

As by the various Pow'rs of *Europe* fear'd.

Here all ye Nymphs of *Helicon* resort

To sing the Splendor of the *British* Court !

In Taste, where Nobles with each other vie

Which Envy's pining Sons call Luxury.

Swift to the *Gallic* Coast our Fleet is sent

For *Partridge* * *Pies*, *Cooks*, *Silks* at *Cent per Cent* ;

That when the bright auspicious Day appears

Which gave us *GEORGE* to dissipate our Fears,

In *Foreign Vests* the gaudy Fops may shine

And on *dissected Frogs* politely Dine.

Britannia mourns to see the pamper'd Knaves

Feast on the Food which made their Neighbours Slaves ;

Such Luxury corrupts the free-born Mind

With tainted Thoughts to Servitude inclin'd.

* *An elegant Dish made in France, and sold in Town to your Connoisseurs in Luxury at the small Price of twenty Guineas.*

But noble *Timon's* Table far excels
 In Elegance of Taste and fragrant Smells;
 There no unfashionable Dish is seen
 To give the well-bred Guest the courtly Spleen;
 No vulgar *Beef* is suffer'd to advance;
 By which our great Forefathers conquer'd *France*;
 Each luscious Course in Masquerade is set
 To give your Appetite the greater whet;
Ragouts and *Pasties*, *Kickshaws* *alamode*,
 Which serve at once for Poison and for Food.
 His Lordship's Caterers with Art prepare
 The Palates of the winged Race of Air;
 The finny Prey, that swim the chrystal Flood,
 Contain some Part that exquisitely good,
 Which drawn with Skill from each peculiar Fish,
 Destroys their Race to furnish out a Dish.

From distant Climes, when Royal Envoys bring
 Their Master's Homage to *Britannia's* King,

Then

Then noble *Timon* acts his darling Part,
 And shows the Bounty of his open Heart;
 Resolv'd to please, his wond'ring Guests he chears,
 With *Tongues of Ducks, Calves Eyes and Rabbits Ears*;
 With all the Dainties *Europe* can afford
 Spread in nice Order on the costly Board;
 From burnish'd Plate your Face reflected shines,
 And glows with Blushes from the richest Wines,
 Not that his Grace delights to eat in Plate,
 But show the Grandeur of the *British* State.

Thus have I sung in Panegyric Strain
 The rising Glories of a *B——c* Reign,
 And *Sylla's* Virtues here recorded stand,
 Who toils in vain to save a Sinking Land,
 Whose wanton Sons are fond of wild Alarms,
 And dream of servile Chains in Freedom's Arms.
 On such a Theme the Muse secure may tow'r,
 Nor fear the griping Hand of jealous Power:

No Statesman ever check'd that Poet's Flight;
 Who set his Merit in a Blaze of Light;
 When Civil Pow'r restrain'd the Sons of Rhime,
 To flatter, Courtiers never thought a Crime;
 Tho' gross as Nobles Compliments at Noon,
 Or Pulpit Varnish each revolving *June*:
 E'en *France* will suffer Poets to rehearse
 A Monarch's Praises in their licens'd Verse;
 That Land of Slavery, where Fools conspire
 To make each Tyrant greater than his Sire.

In splendid Servitude let others shine;
 Fair Liberty and calm Content be mine!
 To live below the Grandeur of the Great,
 And yet above Contempt in humble State;
 To learn in Youth to value Men of Worth
 For Merit, not the Greatness of their Birth,
 Nor give a blind Applause to Fools of Blood,
 Who draw their Pedigree from *Noah's Flood*.

To read what Books, converse with whom I please,

Nor lead a Life of Indolence, but Ease ;

Boldly to speak my Sentiment, nor fear

Least rigid Truth offend a Courtier's Ear :

To laugh at Coxcombs, turn to Ridicule

The Birth-day Beau, and self-enamour'd Fool ;

To make a * *Holmes*, or *Huddsford* rot in Rhime,

(If such a Verse remain to future Time)

Who now may curse that inauspicious Hour

They made bad Use of arbitrary Pow'r ;

Ambition's Wreck, the Pride of upstart Fools,

Which plunges in Destruction him who rules.

But if the mad Disease of Rhime invite,

Or Wrongs provoke an injur'd Muse to write,

To public Taste submit each honest Page,

Nor court the reigning Judges of the Age,

Whose Whim and Caprice settle sterling Wit,

In vain without their Praise a Poem's writ ;

* One of his Majesty's Chaplains, who must be conscious to himself of the ill Usage of the Author.

But if they smile upon a worthless Line,
Stamp'd with their Seal, it passes for Divine.

Thus may I live with Conscience ever gay,
And innocently trifle Life away!
'Till my last Sand of fleeting Time is run,
And then thank Heaven that my Journey's done.*



Who now may curse that insipid Hour
They made bad Use of arbitrary Power:
F I N I S
Ambition's Wreck, the Pride of upstart Fools,
Which plunges in Destruction him who rules.

But if the mad Dilecte of Rhime invite,
Or Wrongs provoke an injured Man to write,
To public Taste sub-
Not court the reigning
Whole Whim and Caprice settling Wit,
In vain without their Praise a Poem's writ;



* One of his Majesty's Chaplains, who must be conscious to himself of the ill Usage of
the Author.